

What I've felt, what I've known
Turn the pages, turn the stone
Behind the door, should I open it for you....

What I've felt, what I've known
Sick and tired, I stand alone
Could you be there, 'cause I'm the one who waits,
The one who waits for you....

Oh what I've felt, what I've known
Turn the pages, turn the stone
Behind the door, should I open it for you.... (So I dub thee unforgiven....)

Oh, what I've felt....
Oh, what I've known....

I take this key (never free...)
And I bury it (never me...) in you
Because you're unforgiven too....

Never free....
Never me....
'Cause you're unforgiven too.... Oh